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Alexandria Va. City Council

# CELEBRATION

OF THE FIRST

# CENTENNIAL

OF

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

OF THE

# CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,

MARCH 9, 1880.

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*Published by order of the City Council.*

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ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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# INTRODUCTION.

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The Municipal Government of Alexandria, Virginia, was organized on the 13th day of July, 1749, with jurisdiction over sixty six half acre lots, comprising nine squares, and two public landings. These had been laid off under an Act of the General Assembly of the Colony of Virginia, passed in 1748, and the Right Honorable Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the Honorable William Fairfax, Esq., George Fairfax, Richard Osborne, Lawrence Washington, William Ramsay, John Carlyle, John Pagan, Gerard Alexander and Hugh West of Fairfax County, Gentlemen, and Philip Alexander of the County of Stafford, Gentleman, and their successors were appointed directors and trustees. This government continued in existence during a period of 30 years.

The Council records from the organization of the town under this charter until 1794 are lost, other memoranda show that on the 9th of March, 1780, a new municipal Government went into operation, Robert Townsend Hooe being chosen Mayor; David Arell, John Fitzgerald, James Hendricks and Robert McRea, Aldermen; Josiah Watson, Peter Wise, John Harper, Adam Lynn, William Hunter and William Bushby, Common Councilmen.

At a regular meeting of the City Council held on Tuesday, evening, February 24, 1880, the following preamble, and resolution was adopted.

“Whereas, the 9th day of March, proximo, will be the Centennial Anniversary of the formation of the municipal corporation of Alexandria,

And whereas, it seems meet and proper that some notice should be officially taken by the City Council of said anniversary; therefore, be it

Resolved, that a committee of two from each board be appointed to make suitable arrangements for a public meeting on March 9th, and that Wm. F. Carne, Esq., be invited to address the said meeting on the early history of the city,"

And a joint committee, consisting of Messrs. Thomas V. Risheill, and Henry Strauss of the Board of Aldermen, and Messrs. John P. Rice, and Malcolm McLean of the Common Council appointed to carry them into effect."

The committee was organized by the election of Mr. Risheill as Chairman, and Messrs. F. L. Brockett, Auditor, and M. B. Harlow, City Treasurer, were requested to act with them in making arrangements for the celebration. The Chairman being directed to inform Mr. Carne of the action of the Council, and request his acceptance of the invitation, the following correspondence took place:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., February 27th, 1880.

WILLIAM F. CARNE, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:

A resolution of the City Council of Alexandria directs a special Committee, of which I am Chairman, to invite you to deliver an address at the celebration of the first Centennial of our Municipal Government, which will take place on the evening of Tuesday, the ninth day of March, 1880, and I am happy in being the medium of communicating this invitation to you.

Yours Respectfully,

THOMAS V. RISHEILL.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Feby. 28th, 1880.

THOMAS V. RISHELL, Esq., Chairman, &c.,

DEAR SIR:

I esteem it an honor to accept the invitation which your note of this date communicates to me.

For over a quarter of a century much of the little leisure I have been able to command, has been spent in accumulating materials to illustrate the history of Alexandria, and whatever may serve to entertain the City Council on the occasion of its Centennial, I will cheerfully put at its service.

And remain Yours very truly,

WILLIAM F. CARNE.

Henry B. Whittington, Esq., being previously invited, consented to read an original poem, composed by himself for the occasion.

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The arrangements comprised a torch light procession, which took place in accordance with the following programme:

The Boards of Aldermen and Common Council met in regular session, at seven o'clock, on Tuesday evening, March 9, 1880, in their respective chambers. The Common Council appointed a committee to invite the Board of Aldermen to unite with them in joint session and when in a body, proceed to their position in the line of procession, on Washington street, and a joint meeting convened.

Mr. James H. Reid, aid, took charge of the military and escorted the Mayor, City Council and other officials to Washington street and formed the first division on the west side of Washington street.

The following order was observed in

# THE CENTENNIAL PROCESSION.

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## TORCH BEARERS.

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### POLICE.

James F. Webster, Captain.

Patrick Hayes, James Smith,

Matthew Lattin, B. F. Bettis,

James P. Coleman.

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### CHIEF MARSHAL,

Major George Duffey.

### AIDS.

R. W. Falls,

J. H. Reid.

### ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

S. H. Lunt,

R. S. Windsor,

Chas. W. Summers,

M. Ahern,

P. W. Aitcheson,

Thos. G. Brent,

M. Schuler,

W. H. Smith,

H. P. Berkley,

John Harlow,

Isaac Rudd,

R. Henry Simpson.

### MUSIC—ALEXANDRIA MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

Claironet, Prof. Baptisli, Washington,

1st Solo Bb Cornet, Prof. Seiner, Washington,

1st Cornet, Edward Winters, Alexandria,

2nd Bb Cornet, A. H. Agnew, Alexandria,

Eb Cornet, N H. Shuman, Alexandria,

Baritone, P. McKnight Baldwin, Alexandria,

1st Tenor, Sidney Douglas, Alexandria,

2nd Tenor, Albert Aitcheson, Alexandria,

1st Alto, Chas. W. Bell, Alexandria,

2nd Alto, Thos. Gibson, Alexandria,

1st Eb Bass, Alphonso Lucas, Alexandria,  
 2nd Eb Bass, Walter Whittlesey, Alexandria,  
 Bass Drum, James Mansfield, Alexandria,  
 Small Drum, William French, Alexandria,  
 Cymbals, Edward Burns, Alexandria.

# ALEXANDRIA LIGHT INFANTRY.

## *Commissioned Officers.*

G. McBurney, Jr., First Lieut. Commanding,  
 F. F. Marbury, Second Lieutenant,  
 J. W. Purington, Jr., Third Lieutenant.

## *Non-Commissioned Officers.*

A. McBurney, Orderly Sergeant,  
 G. S. Smith, 2nd Sergeant,  
 R. W. Wheat, 3rd Sergeant,  
 J. H. Neale, 5th Sergeant,  
 J. F. Young, Color Sergeant.  
 I. M. Kell, 1st Corporal,  
 T. W. Robinson, 2nd Corporal,  
 L. Marbury, 3rd Corporal,  
 S. L. Monroe, 4th Corporal,  
 A. Snowden, 5th Corporal,  
 A. J. Harper, 6th Corporal,  
 A. Bryan, 7th Corporal.

## *Privates.*

Adam, B. P.	Grimes, T. E.
Adam, J. L.	Grillbortzer, Geo.
Crilley, Jno.	Lee, T. A.
Darley, Geo.	Lunt, J. D. H.
Deeton, A.	Masters, W. H. M.
Downey, J. T.	McEwen, Jno.

Eldridge, E. E.	McLean, D.
Fisher, G. W.	Monroe, G. O.
Fowle, B. H.	Perry, M. B.

## ST. JOHN'S CADET BATTALION.

Walter B. Dent, Major Commanding,  
 William R. Springer, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant,  
 Robert Lee Hoy, Color Sergeant,  
 J. O. Posey, Drummer.

*Company A.*

Wilfrid C. Potter, Captain,  
 John E. DeLea, 1st Lieutenant,  
 G. Douglas Carpenter, 2nd Lieutenant,  
 Charles F. Morgan, 1st Sergeant,  
 Charles J. Deahl, 2d Sergeant,  
 Thomas Lee Hill, 3d Sergeant,  
 William H. Partlow, 1st Corporal,  
 George D. Hopkins, 2nd Corporal.

*Privates.*

Thomas P. Bayne,	Herman B. F. Heath,
Walter C. Blacklock,	Frank S. Lucas,
James H. Birch,	Edward M. Laughlin,
Raymond Bowen,	William E. Marks,
J. Cook G. Broadus,	Marshall J. Parker,
William F. Carne, jr.,	Benjamin L. Partlow,
William A. Chapman,	James P. Quinn,
P. Manly Clarke,	Charles W. Seawell,
G. R. Lee Cole,	Milton P. Townshend,
Frank F. DeLea,	John J. Walsh,
Ballard E. Dodd,	Robert W. Wenzel,
Charles G. Giddings, jr.,	Elijah B. White,

*Markers.*

John W. Avery,	Charles Brager.
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*Company B.*

Franklin J. L. Wenzel, Captain,  
 W. Frank Lambert, 1st Lieutenant,  
 Albert S. J. Price, 2nd Lieutenant,  
 Frederick H. Schneider, 1st Sergeant,  
 Charles Bendheim, 2nd Sergeant,  
 William J. Downey, 3d Sergeant,  
 Charles F. Diedel, 1st Corporal,  
 Cornelius J. Lally, 2nd Corporal.

*Privates.*

Lewis Bendheim,	Solomon Blondheim,
James Callan,	Landon C. Cole,
Thomas P. DeLea,	Bernard J. Donnelly,
Edward H. Kemper,	Robert T. Lucas, jr.
David A. Makoly,	William H. Melchur,
Frederick J. Paff,	John T. Rafferty,
William J. Schuler,	Frederick Schuler,
J. Edward Waddey,	Westel W. Willoughby,
Willie F. Willoughby,	Charles H. Yohe.

*Markers.*

Harvey L. Price, Harry E. Lord.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SEAMEN AND MARINES OF THE U. S.

AND EX-C. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

## SECOND DIVISION.

Carriages containing the chaplain,  
 Rev. J. J. Bullock, D. D., chaplain of the United States  
 Senate.

Wm. F. Carne, esq., orator.

H. B. Whittington, esq., poet.

Judges A. W. Chilton and C. E. Stuart.

Ex-officers of the city.

Ex-members of Council.

Present city officers.

Corporation Attorney, K. Kemper, esq.

Attorneys of the Commonwealth, S. G. Brent and Edmund Burke, esqs.

City Sergeant R. T. Lucas and Deputy, A. W. Armstrong.

President and Clerk of the Board of Aldermen, E. E. Downham, esq., and J. J. Jamieson, esq.

*Aldermen.*

C. C. Smoot,	W. S. Moore,
W. H. Marbury,	H. Strauss,
L. W. Reid,	Thos. V. Rishell,

John B. Smoot.

Messenger of the Board of Aldermen, Richard H. Rudd.

President and Clerk of the Common Council, J. T. Beckham, esq., and James R. Caton, esq.

*Common Council.*

Wm. S. Moore,	Isaac Eichberg,
George W. Rock,	Isaac A. Smith,
W. W. Herbert,	James S. Douglas,
Hugh Latham,	Malcolm McLean,
Theodore H. Ficklin,	Paul R. Evans,
John P. Rice,	John D. Javins,
Joseph Broders,	H. V. Daniel,

John W. Peake.

Messenger of Common Council, V. M. Taylor.

CITY SCHOOL BOARD.

S. C. Neale, esq., Chairman.

R. L. Carne, esq., Superintendent of Public Schools.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

E. S. Leadbeater, Chief Engineer.

*Fire Wardens.*

Geo. E. French,            F. E. Corbett,  
J. R. Smoot,            Stephen Green.

## FRIENDSHIP FIRE COMPANY.

C. C. Chichester, Marshal.  
Joseph Clark, First Commander.  
Norman Jenkins, Second Commander.  
Orlando Ford, Third Commander.

Organized in 1774, six years older than the day they were celebrating, and nearly the only landmark remaining to remind us of the days of our fathers. This company numbered 30 strong, drawing the old suction and hose carriage, which, although now cast aside as things of the past, are looked upon still by the members that have stuck by the company in her days of humiliation, with pride and veneration.

*Officers.*

Geo. W. Henry, President.  
Jas. A. Javins, 1st Vice President.  
Jas. W. Nalls, 2nd Vice President.  
Thos. E. Grimes, Recording Secretary.  
William Murtaugh, Corresponding Secretary.

*Members.*

James A. Travers,	James Moore,
George W. Drowns,	Norman Jenkins,
Wm. Vernon,	Frank Bell,
Thomas Wilburn,	Wm. Whitely,
Nimrod Nowland,	Grigsby Grady,
Wm. C. Grady,	Geo. Crump,
Thomas Darley,	John Reid Cross,
C. C. Chichester,	Orlando Ford,
John Quinn,	Harry S. Brown.

## SUN FIRE COMPANY.

With their engine, "Big 2" as she is called, with the picture of Grace Reynolds, one of Alexandria's old time ladies and the company's idol, painted on one side. This company was organized in 1775, and like the Friendship is out of service, but still has a large number of devoted followers. About 50 members were out, and with the engine decorated with pictures and flowers presented a good appearance. George Bontz, Pioneer, led the company in the procession with the same axe that was used in the procession of 1832, George Sullivan and F. W. Deeton carrying the old solid silver torches, and on the gallery of the Engine was a member in Indian costume, an old costume of the company. The officers of the company are:

*Officers.*

Hugh Latham, President.

John Sullivan, 1st Vice President.

M. R. Norriss, 2nd Vice President.

Wm. C. Markell, Secretary.

George Bontz, Axeman.

George Duffey, Chief Marshal.

Hiram Webster, Assistant Marshal.

*Members.*

Robert Williams,	Charles Lowry,
Robert Travers,	Frank Haward,
Charles Elliott,	Frank Deeton,
Andrew Sullivan,	John Branders,
Frank Price,	John P. Rodier,
George Sullivan,	Geo. W. Nowland,
E. Davies,	William Traverse,
Wesley Davis,	George Howard,

C. W. Deeton,	F. Mullin,
W. C. Williams,	William Wheatley,
John Nightingill,	Samuel W. Markell,
George Williams,	John Traverse,
George W. Laycock.	

## HYDRAULION STEAM FIRE COMPANY.

"Old Reliable," with the motto: "We strive to save," organized in 1827, next passed, fifty strong.

*Officers.*

Benjamin Barton, President.  
 R. L. Carne, 1st Vice President.  
 Thomas Lannon, 2nd Vice President.  
 John Lannon, Secretary.  
 H. J. Nevett, Foreman.

Every member in new uniform, carried a torch. The hose carriage, drawn by horses, driven by John Clapdore, was handsomely decorated. But the engine, Joseph Young, engineer, W. R. Crockett, fireman, and J. Frank Taylor, driver, was what attracted most attention. It was drawn by horses and decorated with white, red and blue lights; its brasses were burnished to the highest degree. It was in full operation, puffing and blowing, and whistling ready for service.

*Members.*

Harold Berkely,	Charles E. Brill,
Ernest F. Ballenger,	John Byrnes,
Henry C. Carson,	Wm. R. Crockett,
Hugh Crockett,	John Clapdore,
Wm. H. Clarridge,	Wm. F. Carne,
George W. Dix,	Thomas Dix,
Michael Downey,	Frank L. Entwisle,

James Elliott,	Theodore H. Ficklin,
John H. Geary,	Peter Hoy,
Wm. H. Humphries,	Joseph Hopkins,
John Haines,	O. Norfolk Kerby,
James Lawrence,	Wallace P. Ludwick,
Robert H. Massey,	Wm. M. Mills,
Richard Purcell,	George W. Petty,
Thos. J. Patterson,	Wm. Price,
Herbert L. Ramey,	John B. Starnell,
Wm. G. Simpson,	John L. Smith, Sr.,
Wm. H. Smith,	Stephen Swain,
John Thomas,	James M. Tenneson,
David W. Tenneson,	John A. Travers,
Walker G. Weadon,	Banner T. Young,
Wm. Entwisle,	Peter J. Henderson.

#### THE BELIEF HOOK AND LADDER

was the next company, forty five members in full uniform, drawing their truck, and preceded by a large number of torch bearers, commanded by R. M. Latham, foreman.

#### *Officers.*

J. M. Steuart, President.  
 E. H. O'Brien Vice President.  
 Julian Moore, Secretary.  
 Charles Picken, Recorder.  
 E. R. Carlin, Treasurer.  
 R. M. Latham, Foreman.  
 W. Pomeroy, 1st Assistant Foreman.  
 W. Rogers 2d Assistant Foreman.

#### *Members.*

Park Agnew, George Bossart,  
 T. C. Collingsworth, G. B. Carlin,

H. V. Daniels,	George Wise,
John T. Evans,	Samuel Henry,
Levi Hurdle,	Charles Howard,
H. H. Harper,	Alexander Lyles,
Vernon Moore,	C. U. Moore,
John Pomeroy,	James Picken,
Charles Smith,	E. Warfield,
Frank Warfield,	W. R. Warfield.

This company as usual presented a fine appearance, and the truck looked ornamental as well as useful.

#### CLARKSON'S CORNET BAND.

Prof. E. H. Clarkson,  
 Joseph Padgett, 2nd Eb Cornet,  
 E. K. Sampson, 1st Bb Cornet,  
 Richard Owens, 2nd Bb Cornet,  
 Jacob Brill, Solo Alto,  
 John W. Grantland, 1st Alto,  
 William Owens, 2nd Alto,  
 Wm. D. Chichester, Tenor,  
 H. C. Nalls, Baritone,  
 S. A. Bartle, Bb Bass,  
 John P. McDermott, Eb Bass,  
 Joseph Hardy, Bass Drum,  
 Wm. Posey, Snare Drum,  
 R. Lee Wilkins, Cymbals.

#### THE COLUMBIA STEAM FIRE COMPANY

was the next in order, organized in 1871, fifty strong, preceded by twenty eight torch bearers, W. H. Bartle, foreman in command. The hose carriage of the company, drawn by men, was splendidly decorated. Then the engine,

which gave evidence of thorough preparation, drawn by horses ;—Loudoun Campbell, engineer ; H. B. Shock, fireman, and Henry Posey, driver. The harness were as bright as it could be, and the engine was adorned with red lights, blue lights and white lights, and the smoke stack illuminated with a blaze of fire that could be seen afar.

*Officers.*

Malcolm McLean, President.  
 R. W. Falls, 1st Vice President.  
 D. W. Prettyman, 2nd Vice President.  
 M. H. Janney, Treasurer.  
 S. T. Jenkins, Secretary.  
 Andrew Deeton, Assistant Secretary.

*Executive Committee.*

Thomas Leadbeater, Wm. A. Smoot, George Uhler.  
 Joseph Hardy, Foreman.  
 James Mansfield, Commander of Hose.  
 Wm. B. Bartle, 1st Assist. Commander of Hose.  
 J. Carlin Creighton, 2nd Assist. Commander of Hose.

*Pipemen.*

John McCuen, Charles Duffey,  
 C. J. W. Summers, George Duffey,  
 James Smith, Benjamin Hughes.  
 Loudoun Campbell, Engineer.  
 Henry Posey, Driver.  
 R. W. Wheat, Fireman,  
 N. B. Shirley, 1st Assistant Fireman.  
 John Grantland, 2nd Assistant Fireman.

*Members.*

R. C. Acton, C. W. Ashby,  
 W. F. Creighton, Alexander Crason,



J. T. Devaughn,	H. C. Davis,
George E. French,	C. E. Glover,
George German,	Edgar Hughes,
Charles Hardy,	John W. Peake,
James Hughes,	John H. Strider,
R. C. Lee,	Donald McLean,
Charles Mankin,	Noble McKenny,
George Meeks,	J. F. Peyton,
Thomas V. Risheill,	A. T. Ramsay,
Michael Riley,	Wm. Rushman,
Thomas Lyles,	James Sampson,
J. F. Ticer,	A. Taylor,
H. L. Ticer,	Andrew West,
Joseph Wilkerson,	James Walker,
A. Warren,	Thomas Warren,
George Appich,	K. Kemper,
John B. Smoot.	

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The procession moved about 7.30 o'clock, proceeding along the following route: down Cameron to Fairfax, Fairfax to King, King to Alfred, Alfred to Prince, Prince to Fairfax, Fairfax to Duke, Duke to Washington, Washington to King, King to Sarepta Hall. When the procession passed the corner of King and Royal streets it presented a solid body of light. Amid fire works, the firing of crackers, and the waving of flags, and torches and lanterns on either side of the street, it proceeded on its way, presenting a scene that has been equalled, but never excelled.

Prior to the arrival of the procession at the hall the following ushers were in attendance to assign seats to the ladies, who are especially invited to grace the occasion by their

presence: J. Marriott Hill, J. Calvin Smith, C. A. Yohe, Capt. R. W. Wirt, Julian F. Henderson, Willie Coleman and G. Swaine, each wearing a white rosette.

Arriving at Sarepta Hall, the soldiers and firemen filed in, where were already assembled ladies to a large number, gracing the occasion with their presence. Seated on the platform were Rev. Dr. Bullock, W. F. Carne, H. B. Whittington, T. V. Risseill, Henry Strauss, M. McLean, John P. Rice, City Treasurer M. B. Harlow, Auditor F. L. Brockett, John B. Smoot, Henry W. Marbury, S. C. Neale, Judge W. W. Willoughby, Edmund Burke, S. G. Brent, E. E. Downham, President of the Board of Aldermen, J. T. Beckham, President of the Common Council, Col. L. W. Reid, Judge Charles E. Stuart, ex-Mayor K. Kemper, Maj. Geo. Duffey, City Sergeant Lucas, and a host of other gentlemen, including the members of the City Council.

After music, by the Musical Association, E. E. Downham, esq., in the absence of Mayor Courtland H. Smith, as President of the Board of Aldermen, called the meeting to order, saying: "In consequence of the absence of his Honor, the Mayor, the very pleasant duty of calling this meeting to order devolves upon me, as President of the Board of Aldermen and acting Mayor. I only desire to state that in order to assure that the exercises of this evening may be conducted with the decorum which so impressive an occasion demands, it is important that strict order should be observed while the exercises of the evening are in progress. With these suggestions we will now proceed with our programme. I take very great pleasure in introducing to this audience the Rev. Dr. J. J. Bullock, Chaplain of the Senate of the United States, who will lead us in Prayer."

Rev. J. J. Bullock, D. D. then offered up an eloquent and fervent prayer to the throne of Divine Grace, acknowledging the Grand First Cause as the Giver of all good gifts, and in thanksgiving for the blessings that had been bestowed upon the city; invoking a similar bestowal upon it of Divine grace; that it might be preserved from fire and sword, pestilence and famine, and ignorance and superstition. During the prayer all the occupants of the platform stood, with lowered heads.

Henry B. Whittington, esq., one of Alexandria's oldest and most respected citizens, whose virtues are only equalled by his modesty, read the following beautiful poem, composed by himself for the occasion, which was received by the large audience with enthusiastic applause:

### THE CENTENNIAL POEM.

A hundred years! what scope the theme affords,  
 What thronging memories greet those uttered words—  
 What joyous hopes—what agonising fears—  
 Are buried 'neath this century of years.  
 Imagination staggers in its flight,  
 And when attaining to its utmost height;  
 With folded wings, surveys the vast domain—  
 Then redirects its course to earth again,  
 Assured that more than mortal he must be  
 That dares to fathom this immensity,  
 But while deploring fancy's feeble powers,  
 To grasp in full the deeds of by-gone hours;  
 And to embody all that's good and great  
 That's appertaining to the church and state!  
 There still remains—and patient toil will find—  
 Enough to satisfy the loftiest mind.  
 When o'er the sea Columbus spread his sail,  
 To catch the breathings of each gentle gale;  
 With hope to cheer, and steady faith to urge,  
 He steered his bark through every angry surge,  
 Till days and weeks on the wild waste were spent—  
 And patient longing grew to discontent;—  
 What interest clustered round that one short day  
 Which he demanded, ere his course he'd stay—

Faith faltered and hope neared dispendency,  
 When from the "Top-mast" Land Ho! came the cry—  
 But when he saw his country's flag unfurled,  
 Upon the confines of this western world—  
 What proud emotions stirred that noble breast,  
 When leaping from his little bark, he pressed  
 The virgin soil, and kneeling on the sod  
 There reared an Altar to the Christian's God.  
 Ah, little did he think what grand acclaim,  
 In after years would greet that honored name;  
 That millions, yet unborn, would rise to pay  
 Their homage to the man who lead the way  
 Across the trackless deep, to worlds unknown,  
 Which now has neither potentate nor throne—  
 But where, as one united family,  
 We rest beneath the banner of the free!  
 Here is our lot, and 'neath the fostering care  
 Of old Virginia! we're content to share  
 Her fame and fortunes, and no more to rove  
 From the dear object of our heart's first love.  
 Virginia! home of Washington and Lee,  
 Mother of states and statesmen, can it be—  
 That e'er a son of thine shall recreant prove  
 To the pure instincts of maternal love!  
 Can one so base be found as to regard  
 Thy honor, second to his own reward?  
 O! breathe it not, let charity prevail,  
 And ere our brother's motives we assail,  
 Remember how on many a bloody day,  
 They bared their bosoms in the ensanguined fray,  
 Till starved and powerless they were forced to yield;  
 Upon the fated Appomattox field!  
 Then, while their means and measures we deplore,  
 Let's seek by peaceful efforts to secure  
 That amity, that tolerance can diffuse,  
 Regardless of antagonistic views.  
 Auspicious hour! the day we celebrate,  
 Which gave a corporate city to the State,  
 That thenceforth in its annals should be known  
 And registered, as Alexandria Town!

'Tis meet that we her sons this day should bring,  
 From loving hearts, a votive offering;  
 Asseverating for the years to come,  
 Unswerving fealty to our home, sweet home,  
 Here the friends we love are sheltered,  
 And the haunts we prize are found;  
 And to many an aged veteran  
 It is consecrated ground.  
 While by e'en the passing stranger,  
 'Tis accredited to be:  
 The abode of worth and beauty  
 And true hospitality.  
 A hundred years! could we by some strange fate—  
 Some mental alchemy—at once translate  
 The scenes and actors of those olden days,  
 The men and manners and their means and ways;  
 And place them here where every eye could see,  
 The forms and features of their ancestry!  
 What mutual surprises would we trace,  
 At this remingling of our common race!  
 The modern with the old, and who will say—  
 With all our vaunted progress and display;  
 That probity and virtue stand as high  
 As with our fathers in the days gone by!  
 With force of steam and 'mid the lighting's play,  
 Are we not seeking for some easier way—  
 Some smoother paths than which our fathers trod:  
 To deal with human kind and honor God!  
 Are there not men of science and renown,  
 With mightiest effort, striving to pull down  
 The noblest fabric ever reared for man,  
 Embodying the one and only plan  
 By which a guilty universe may be,  
 Fully restored to its lost purity.  
 But better things bespeak we for our town,  
 Which, while sustaining well the great renown  
 Of former days for noble charities,  
 Is unsurpassed in its amenities.  
 Here virtue and intelligence abound,  
 And here amid the masses still are found

As gallant spirits as e'er gazed upon  
 The noble features of our Washington f  
 For hither he in olden days would come,  
 The guest of many an Alexandria home.  
 His chosen lodge, the sacred church where he  
 In veneration bowed the suppliant knee,  
 Are in our midst as landmarks to descry  
 The immortal name that was not born to die.  
 But since that period many a blight has come  
 To change the current of the city's hum;  
 Then on our thoroughfares from day to day  
 Was heard<sup>d</sup> the rumbling of the loaded dray,  
 Bearing its precious burden to the shore,  
 Where mid the music of the stevedore,  
 By nimble hands in stately ships 'twas stored  
 And then, with hatches down and all aboard,  
 Out in the stream, with flags and pennons gay  
 They dropped, then speeded on their distant way.  
 Now silence reigns where once that busy throng,  
 Lightened their labors with both jest and song.  
 And even Fishtown, with its classic name,  
 Has lost the prestige of its ancient fame.  
 Where now in modern times do we behold  
 Those staunch built wagons which were seen of old,  
 Freightd with the best products that prevail  
 In Rockingham and Shenandoah's vale?  
 Alas! these splendid, sturdy six horse teams  
 Have yielded to the locomotive's screams.  
 Nor will we ever in the years to come  
 Hear Murray's file or Peter Logan's drum,  
 As the long column, ready for the fray,  
 Came issuing forth on general muster day,  
 Nor look on Joseph Williams, alias Goat,  
 With gallant Tim arrayed in martial coat,  
 Or see Nick Ransall hindmost in the train,  
 Whose like we ne'er shall look upon again.  
 These, with a thousand pictures we recall,  
 Which mutely hang in memory's sacred hall,  
 Awaken feelings in their brief review,  
 Like Ossian's odes, pleasing yet mournful too.

Thus far we've come yet not one single line  
 Devoted to the sex most like divine ;  
 Then, with their pardon we will reproduce,  
 And thus adapt them to our present use,  
 Some lines, we had the pleasure once to send,  
 In a familiar letter to a friend.  
 For where in this world, seek the universe through,  
 Where'er there's a mission of mercy to do,  
 Or where the sad heart needs the tenderest care,  
 To save from the fathomless gulf of despair,  
 Can such exhibitions of pure love be found  
 As those which in woman's kind nature abound ?  
 O woman ! the pride and the glory of earth,  
 What mortal would venture to measure thy worth ?  
 As well may we turn to the sands of the sea,  
 In order to tell what their numbers may be ;  
 Or soaring aloft through the limitless air,  
 Attempt to unravel the mysteries there—  
 As with our restricted resources, to scan,  
 This treasure, entrusted by heaven to man !  
 And now I imagine you laugh in your sleeve,  
 And though not incredulous, scarce can perceive  
 How one who so long has been struggling through life,  
 Without the encouraging smiles of a wife,  
 Can hold such exalted opinions, while he  
 Still steers his lone Bark o'er celibacy's sea !  
 Why bless you, the truth is I loved all so well,  
 That it were a difficult matter to tell  
 Which one of a very large number I'd choose,  
 Provided they did not my offer refuse.  
 Dear home of my youth, with what thrilling emotion,  
 My heart e'er responds at the sound of thy name :  
 And yielding to none for an ardent devotion  
 To aught that redounds to thy honor and fame  
 May peace and prosperity ever attend thee,  
 And long coming ages thy virtues record ;  
 With love to adorn and stout hearts to defend thee,  
 A lasting renown be thy glorious reward.



In introducing the orator the chairman said "It now affords me great pleasure to introduce to you the orator on this occasion, a gentleman who needs no introduction to an Alexandria audience, [as the name is an household word in almost every Alexandria home, as is evidenced by the presence of so goodly a number of the "Cadets of St. John's Academy," of which R. L. Carne, esq., is Principal.] I now introduce to you Wm. F. Carne esq., the orator of the evening.

Mr. Carne, delivered an appropriate speech, which was listened to throughout with profound attention and elicited frequent applause.

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### CENTENNIAL ORATION.

I esteem it high honor to speak of my native town, between two of its centuries, in the presence of its chief officers, its councils, so many of my fellow townsmen, and these fair ladies, whose presence here to-night reminds us that though times may change and centuries pass, Alexandria will always be Bellehaven.

Called by the City Council to recount the deeds of a hundred years, I assume the task the more willingly because I am confident that all the demerit of the narration will be absorbed by the interest of the theme which I present; that you will not expect from me the flight nor the scream of the eagle, not even the wood-bird's notes, such as have just fallen from the poet; but will be content that I shall sit like a town sparrow on your window sill and twitter of *home*.

It is now one hundred years ago, since on the 9th day of March, 1780, Robert Townsend Hooe and eleven other burghers of Alexandria met together in the upper room of the building which stood formerly at the north east corner of the market



square, near the intersection of Fairfax and Cameron streets, and organized the government of which you, gentlemen of the City Councils, are the representatives to-day. Alexandria was then over thirty years old, and civilization had cultivated the fields and reaped the harvests here of over one hundred years. It is proper, then, that I review briefly the circumstances of the settlement, mark the transition of the land on which we stand from savage to civilized dominion ; trace, from the virgin forest, through the slave-planted tobacco fields, the rise and progress of that community that now amid marts and factories, schools and churches celebrates its Centennial.

In July, 1608, Capt. John Smith, and fourteen companions explored the Potomac. They, first of all the race of Japheth, looked upon the spot which we call home. The face of the river-side was exceedingly beautiful, as it reflected into the waters the shadows of summer's luxuriant foliage. Two hundred and fifty years of civilization and culture have wrought a mighty change upon the wild beauty that then entranced the voyager's eye. Dense forests, overtopping a vast undergrowth of wild vegetation, covered the land, and grew quite to the river's edge, giving way here to a lowland pocoson, and here yielding to a wide creek or smaller streamlet, whilst here and there an impenetrable swamp, rich in the bloom of water-loving flowers, and affording habitation and food for the stately swan and the ungainly crane, intervened between the woodland heights. The forests were the abode of numberless birds, of different hues, and the melody from the leafy choir swelled in sweet but varied harmony. Some of the species of birds yet revisit us with summer ; others fled with the red men, before the falling forests, and will return no more. Beavers built their dams upon the running streams.

Otters and martens, mingled with minks, raccoons and opossums, deer, bears and foxes, roamed the woods, whilst in the thicket the wolf made his den, and the savage panther found a lair. The running streams were alive with fish, and when the warmth of spring brought the schools of the sea up into the shallower waters of the land, the paddle of the canoe would kill numbers, as it struck the waters.

The early history of all people are periods of adventure and of interest that are but feebly represented at later periods of their history, and Alexandria is no exception to the rule. Come, from the Senate chamber, in which the venerated voice you have just heard, is so often raised in invocation, and pass the Rotunda in the direction of the House of Representatives. On the right you may see the painting in which the genius of an Alexandria artist, [Chapman] portrays the Baptism of Pocahontas. Observe the figure in the gallery just beside the pillar above the chancel. It is a boyish-looking man, scarce yet reached his manhood. It is Henry Spillman, the first guide of civilization over the region where we are now gathered. He had been, when a child, saved from massacre and protected by Pocahontas, and living with the Indians had learned their tracks by the river side, and in the latter portion of his life commanded a Potomac vessel which carried on trade with the Indians of this neighborhood, whom Capt. John Smith had visited in 1608. Capt. Smith's history of Alexandria was a very short one; it was contained in nine words, "At Toags they did their best to content us." Those Toags, whose names with the freedom of frontier orthography, are called "Toags, Doeggs, Boags and Dogues," were the first occupants of the land where Alexandria stands. Above on the other side of the Potomac were the Nocostins, and

below Neabsco, the Potowomekes. These tribes have long disappeared, but they have left their baptisms on our streams, while

“Amid the forest where they roamed,  
There rings no hunter's shout ;  
There name is on your waters,  
And ye may not wash it out.”

The Necostins have a memorial above in the Anacostia river, and in Analostan Island ; the mighty stream at our feet compels us to commemorate the Potowomekes, and below Mount Vernon, Dogue run keeps its historic trust for the red race beside the tomb of Washington. These Indians were driven away in 1676, by the fierce onslaught made upon the red-men, which originated to protect the settlements against savage inroads, culminated in the war against Governor Berkley, and expired as Bacon's Rebellion.

A few years before, in 1669, Robert Howison had obtained a patent for the land on which Alexandria stands, and had sold the patent to John Alexander, a Stafford planter, for six thousand pounds of tobacco. The first known settlement on this patent was made in 1695, by Thomas Pearson \* upon Pearson's Island. The staple product of the time was tobacco, and fields of this comforting weed soon succeeded the primeval forests ; there is not an acre within town-limits that has not produced its hundred weight of good Oronoko. Tobacco required a tobacco warehouse, and in 1631 the Hunting Creek warehouse was built by the county authorities of Prince William County on the high bluff that then overlooked

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\*The fine Physique and brilliant imagination of his descendant, “Chasseur,” our late representative in the General Assembly, represents the blood of the pioneer settler.

the river near where the city gas-works now stand, "on the first branch above Hunting Creek." Around this warehouse gathered the hamlet of BELHAVEN. At this hamlet in 1749, Wm. Ramsay, John Carlyle and their associates founded the town of Alexandria. The descendants of these gentlemen now among us show that Alexandria has every reason to be proud of the men who laid the foundations of the town. Their names are synonyms of integrity. The town thus originated grew around the tobacco warehouse and was laid out amid old fields from which tobacco had sucked the virgin fertility. The town plat was the very picture of colonial loyalty,—the *Royal* and *Fairfax* family names ran side by side in its two long streets which were crossed by the short streets bearing the Fairfax title:—Cameron and those of King and Queen, Prince and Princess, Duke and Dutchess. The town grew up amid restrictions on commerce and fetters on manufactures which it seems now incredible that any community schooled in *Magna Charta* could have borne, but the colonists in Alexandria like Anglo Saxons everywhere, had a profound respect for *law*. They submitted to these restrictions because they were accustomed to them, and as they were pressed by French power, and in constant dread of the Indians, who still lingered near, they expected British aid, and thought the profits, which England made by a monopoly of their trade, was a high price to pay for such assistance,—but it was at least a price paid for *something*. But when Braddock came, and the British troops instead of protecting the colonists had been compelled to rely on the Colonial troops to protect them, the feeling changed. Braddock had come and gone—the town folks and country people having relied upon themselves for defence against the Indians and

French, felt able, in a just cause, to meet the world in arms on their own soil. Hence these restrictions on navigation and manufactures annoyed them. They felt that for a nation to be free it would be sufficient that she willed it. They bore the load because they were accustomed to it, but one straw to which they were not used would break the camel's back. That straw came in the stamp act, and we may look with just pride at Alexandria's part in that day.

The stamp act was to be put in operation on the 1st of November, 1765. Alexandria was then represented in the House of Burgesses by George Johnston, he was one of the town trustees, and at his home on the corner of Prince and Lee streets he prepared resolutions for nullifying that act of Parliament. It is the tradition of his family that the habitual gravity of his demeanor seemed, after the news of the stamp act reached Alexandria, to grow yet more intense, and that after a long examination of the English law, he wrote the resolutions which Patrick Henry, shortly afterwards, introduced into the House of Burgesses. It is said that on completing the resolutions he showed the paper to his wife, saying:—"This paper may cost me my life, yet it is the truth and whether or not any one sustain me I will not turn back." He went with Washington, who was also a delegate, to Williamsburg in May. Mr. Wirt narrates, and he is universally followed, that Henry drew his resolutions upon the blank leaf of a volume of "Coke upon Littleton." There can be no doubt whatever that Johnston came from Alexandria to the House determined to offer such resolutions and thoroughly prepared with copious argument and authorities to support them. Certain it is that when Henry's vehement voice was raised on that memorable occasion, and "Treason! Treason!" resounded



amid the excited crowd, Johnston took his stand alongside of Patrick Henry,—When Henry stepped to the front, Johnston stood beside him. When Henry spoke the startling words, whose echoes are yet unspent, Johnston chimed calmly in—as logical as clear, identical in spirit, one in tone, not as brilliant, but more practical, as when—

“After the tocsin’s alarm—  
Distinctly the clock strikes.”

This was Alexandria’s share on that momentous day. George Johnston died the year following. Had he lived he would have been one of the leading statesmen of the Revolution. He was succeeded in your Councils, Mr. President of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. President of the Common Council, by *George Washington*.

There was for awhile a lull in town—a lull in the British Empire. But a few circling years, and again the omnipotence of Parliament was asserted—the tea was overboard, the port of Boston closed, and the gale which swept from the northward brought the “clash of resounding arms. Amid the tumult of anxiety, a calm Sabbath dawned on Alexandria. The hot July sky was fair overhead, and the grass was green in Christ Church yard. The sermon was just over, and men loitered to listen to what Colonel Washington would say. He was known to be an ardent patriot, but it was known, too, that he was opposed to the re-election of Colonel Broadwater who was in favor of resistance, and he was inclined to support his friend, Bryan Fairfax, who counselled submission. He loitered awhile and talked, as he loitered, to a party of gentlemen upon the green. He was chairman of the committee appointed at the last June court to draft a platform on which Fairfax and Alexandria should stand. “What does he say?”

asks a bystander, "*He is for resistance.*" That means fight." And then, there on Christ Church green a nation was conceived.

As the magnet draws the iron, another scene in Christ Church yard leaps the barrier of a hundred years, and demands that I speak of it. It is another Sabbath morn, the same sky is overhead; the fields are fresh with the flowers of May; the grass is still green. A grave, revered commander who has sheathed his sword that he may have time to think, time to consider, time to pray, comes out of the hallowed edifice. A party of gentlemen approach him; they press upon him the peril of the time; they urge upon him that when all other swords are drawn his must leap out, and lead the people. There on the same Christ Church green, Robert E. Lee gave his tacit acceptance of the command, which he afterwards put into words before the General Assembly of the Commonwealth. "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword." And there, on Christ Church green, where Washington pronounced for resistance to British arms, Robert E. Lee accepted the command of the armies of the Commonwealth. Come, Pageant Kings, with thy Field of the Cloth of Gold, and this field of grass that waves above our dead beside Christ Church shall give us nobler lessons,—stirring the heart as the field of Marathon—full of freedom as the plain of Runnymede. It is a hallowed ground. Not because Washington in victory founded a nation—not because Lee in defeat left—only a grave, but because two honest men, lifted by Providence as guides to their people, each here, saw duty demand personal sacrifice, and threw themselves into the fire that burned on

the altar of their country. (Applause.) Not closer does the ivy cling to the walls of that venerated pile than hangs around it the memories of Washington and Lee. (Applause.) It is the heart of the town. Its lesson is the lesson of the century.

Alexandria sent to the Continental Army many of her sons to die on the field of battle. Washington was honorary captain of the Volunteer company formed in 1775, which offered to follow him to Cambridge when he was chosen Commander in Chief of the United Colonies, and, later amid the darkest days of the war, there marched away to the Jerseys a company, whose flag, red with a yellow centre, inscribed with black, "IX VIRGINIA REGIMENT,—ALEXANDRIA COMPANY," was burned at the conflagration of the Market house in 1871. Such, (addressing the military) citizen soldiers, were the men who were trained into soldiers on the streets which have been your drill ground. Your town's military record was begun when Stewart's troop went into Braddock's twenty nine strong and left twenty-five dead on the field of battle. Among those who died with Braddock was Thomas Longden, ancestor of the editors of the Gazette. Their epitaph is in the bulletin of the day: "the Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers." Sparta had no worthier one. Alexandria soldiers died at Quebec with Wolfe, at Princeton under Mercer, and during the war with Mexico, home they brought our soldier dead to lay in the council chamber of the city.

If words were tears I would speak of our dead on the field of battle in later days. No centennial of the town would be complete that did not reverently mention the names of W. T. Morrill, Wash. M. Harper, A. J. Humphreys, John J. Addison, Ad. Saunders, Wm. E. Gray, Frank H. Abbot, R.



H. Green, Hugh S. Hite, Eph. W. Hartley, Ludwell L. Hutchison, Conny Johnson, Dan'l M. Lee, Sam'l McMurran, Theo. A. Partlow, Sam'l B. Paul, Thos. Sangster, J. H. L. Sangster, John M. Swann, Thomas B. Turner, E. V. Fairfax, John S. Hart, Wilson Turner, W. H. Dulany, James A. Proctor, James E. Molair, John Allison, Joseph Bushby, Joseph Calmes, John T. Cook, Benj. F. Emmerson, Hezekiah Kidwell, Wm. T. Padgett, Jos. B. Penn, Andrew F. Skidmore, George T. Warfield, Albert Wools, John Greenwood, W. Duncan, J. W. Ivers, Patrick Doyle, Daniel Dohony, John Honnigan, Patrick Harrigan, James Keating, John Murphy, William Purcell, William Haywood, Thomas V. Fitzhugh, Edwin G. Barbour, Jonah W. Baldwin Ed. S. Beacham, Robert Buchanan, Charles Burgess, Wm. H. Boyer, Clinton Ballenger, Frank Ballenger, Wm. A. Castleman, Wm. J. Higdon, Chas. E. Hunter, Wm. A. Loveless, Wm. H. Lunt, Patrick Lannon, John T. Mills, John S. Murray, Benj. Padgett, James R. Sowers, Wm. Terrett, Hayden Fewell, Rhody Whittington, S. W. Pressman, G. C. Adie, and Rich'd Owens. I return to my narrative:

Before the Revolution closed the new principles demanded new political organizations, and after Saratoga and before Yorktown, while Clinton was beating at the gates of Charleston, the present municipal government was organized. On the 9th of March, 1780, the new government went into operation, with Robert Townshend Hooe as Mayor, David Arell as Recorder, John Fitzgerald, James Hendricks, William Bushby, Robert McCrae, Aldermen; Wm. Hunter, John Harper, Josiah Watson, Peter Wise, Adam Lynn and Robert Conway, Common Council.

The town at that time stood on a level from ten to fifteen feet higher than at present. It was laid out on a hill top,

which extended in a nearly unbroken plain from Oronoko creek and marsh, on the north and northwest to the river shore on the east, and to what was called "White Oak Swamp," that ran along the southwest and south. Very low meadows and swampy lands separated this hill top from another beyond the marshy grounds. To the east the contour of the hill, on which the town was built, corresponded with the river beach, to which it had originally ascended precipitously, but which had, by 1776, been cut away for all of the streets between Wolfe and Oronoko, to run down an inclined plain to the river. The river then formed a cove in front of the hill, similar to those it yet makes north and south of it. It curved in from Fishtown to Lee street at the foot of the Mansion House hill, and then away in a curve southwest to the Long Wharf. On this hill top lay the scattered houses which made up the town. All the shipping business was done at the two points at the end of the coves, where warehouses and wharves extending to deep water had been built. Cameron street was the principal street, the Court House and Market were upon it, and crossing Oronoko Creek at Pitt street, by a bridge, it extended to Christ Church, then twenty years old. On the same street, opposite the market, at the northwest corner of its intersection with Royal street, stood the Royal George Hotel, a frame hostelry, then used as a recruiting station for the Army of Independence. To the east of the market the large stone Herbert House, dominated the smaller frames that lay around and overtopped the modest Court House and Jail that stood on the market square opposite. King, Queen, Princess, Prince, Duke and Wolfe and Wilkes streets in one direction, and Fairfax, Royal and Pitt and St. Asaph streets in the other, were the only streets. There was not a pavement on any of them.

The town thus founded was designed to be a commercial town ; to make far off shores and distant people, the ministers of its prosperity. A ship was deemed its proper device, and in selecting an emblem to be placed upon its seal, the council depicted there the good ship ALEXANDRIA,—every sail set and every pennon flying, with an even balance at her mainmast-head, setting out to cruise for fortune.

The first business of the new government concerned the grading of streets, so that the river might be reached on easy grades through all of them ; for, in 1780, except the roadways by which Oronoko street reached Point West and Duke street sloped to point Lumley, there was no way to reach the river shore except the rough and precipitous inclines cut through the high bluff which overtopped the river side. The earth cut from the hills was used in filling up the cove in front of the town ; “banking out” the process was called. While this grading was in progress, before porches could be completed, and while temporary steps and ladders furnished access to the doors, a number of the fast young men says Parson Weems, in the “Drunkard’s Looking Glass,” got upon a spree. The carts employed to haul the dirt and fill out the ground between Water and Union streets, were at rest by the river side, and the wells from which with windlass and buckets the inhabitants drew their supply of water, quiet as they had been, at midnight in a respectable, thrifty, law loving town. The young men took the ladders and steps and threw them into the wells, and ran the carts so far into the river, that, when high tide came with morning, no vestige of them could be seen. There was early falling, as well as early rising the next morning, for the first comer to the door generally pitched out. The ropes broke at the clogged wells, and there was no coffee at breakfast, because no water could be procured. The cartmen

swore that the devil had made way with their carts, and a town so bewildered and worried might well set the old Parson wondering with Shakspeare, that "men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains." The matter was soon discovered, the cartmen recovered their carts, and the young men lost their characters. They were heavily fined. I heard, years since, one of the sufferers say that it cost him two months' salary, and that, for months afterwards most of the young men of the city were short of funds, and as a rule the young ladies in town that year received no Christmas gifts.

The town having been graded and the streets to the west of St. Asaph, south of Wilkes and north of Oronoko, having been laid off by the proprietors, John Alexander, and his executors, the paving of streets was begun in 1795. This work of grading and paving is still going on. Let us hope that better times will soon enable the City Council to grade and pave every street within the city limits.

Our commerce grew apace after the close of the Revolution. The Federal Constitution by establishing a uniform tariff of duties, relieved the town from the annoying competition of Georgetown and Bladensburg under the low state-tariff of Maryland and placed the foreign trade of the town on what our fathers believed to be a firm basis. Soon came the war with France in 1799, and many of our finest vessels were captured by the cruisers of the republic. This was the first blow at our ocean commerce. France afterwards paid the United States for these vessels, but the money was never paid to our shipowners. Had this capital been restored to our shipping interest, Alexandria might have continued with some hope of success its competition with Baltimore, then its commercial rival. Then came the terrible yellow fever of

1803 which made a lazar house of the river front, and carried off one in ten of the Alexandrians that dwelt between Fairfax street and the river. The shipping business had scarcely recovered from this, when in 1809 the embargo of President Jefferson tied up the laden ships to the wharves, whence business had ceased,—

“As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

In a few few years more the war waged with Great Britain for free trade and sailor's rights, made the port and its commerce a prey to the British Frigates *Euryalus* and *Sea-Horse*, which in August, 1814, sailed up the Potomac with bomb ketches and captured the town.

This surrender was censured at the time by the heedless who are more disposed to blame than to examine. President Madison gave his official sanction to the groundless imputation upon the Municipal Government, but a committee of the Common Council presented the public an array of facts which silenced calumniators of our people. It was shown that the town relied upon its defence against an attack by water, upon Fort Warburton, situated where Fort Washington now stands, and that the militia of the town and neighborhood had, days before, been called out by a levy *en masse*, and marched away; that the United States officer in charge of the fort blew up the works and carried off the garrison, on the approach of the British frigates, giving the fleet free access to the front of the town, in which there were only women, children and a few old men. The capture was in fact made when the fort was blown up. All that remained for the Common Council was to ascertain what disposition the British commander proposed to make of the captured town, and the negotiations undertaken for this purpose were magnified without reason into a formal surrender.



The captors seized the vessels in the harbor and plundered the warehouses of all the tobacco, flour, cotton and liquor they found there. Two ships, two barques and a number of smaller vessels were loaded with the booty, which was estimated at 2,000 barrels of flour, 1,000 hogsheads of tobacco, 250 bales of cotton and \$5,000 worth of wines, &c. The whole of this capture is yet at the bottom of the ocean for the vessels were sunk soon after leaving the capes of the Chesapeake.

When peace came in 1815, Alexandria had lost all chance of competition with Baltimore; for the war which weakened Alexandria strengthened the Monumental city. Its Battle Monument, reared to commemorate the successful defence made by its citizens against a foreign foe at North Point marks, too, an event which lies at the foundation of Baltimore's pre-eminence. The lyric of Key, born, when at Fort McHenry,

“The rockets red glare and bombs bursting in air

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,”

vivified the bunting, and thenceforth the patriotic music of the star spangled banner shook out from the folds of the American flag wherever it was unfurled. American vessels thenceforward hung not a flag only, but a lyric at their mastheads. And wherever the flag waved,—wherever the star spangled banner was sung, it told, as it still tells, of Baltimore—and of what men esteem, the pearl of great price—of success. Backed by this favorable condition of public opinion, the enterprise of Baltimore grew in a buoyant atmosphere to colossal proportions, and soon distanced Alexandria in the race of material progress. But if when Key and his companions looked out “in the dawn's early light,” they had seen Fort McHenry a heap of ruins, dismantled and abandoned by its defenders, and the city militia ordered not

to North Point, but to Frederick, the sack of Baltimore might have been but the beginning of misfortunes, that would have transferred commerce and future greatness to Annapolis.

Alexandria had now too an overwhelming rival nearer at hand. Washington city was already drawing population and trade from the Virginia side, and taking from Alexandria the little chance of prosperity still left. Against this rival the town was absolutely without defence. The wealth of the Union was used to build up the Federal Capital, but few and far between were the dollars spent in the Virginia portion of the District of Columbia. Deprived of the powerful aid which connection with Virginia would have afforded, the town remained in a corner of the District a useless adjunct to the Federal territory. Whatever favors Congress conferred were given to Washington, and Alexandria beheld the growth of other cities without power to imitate them. Under these circumstances the city authorities did all that was within their power. Streets were extended and improved, the town lighted in the manner then usual, with oil lamps, and 1817 the market building with the cupola and town clock was erected. Long the graceful steeple towered, "a heart of iron beating within," and the clock told the hours of birth and death, of joy and sorrow as they passed over Alexandria. At SEVEN and at ONE its clangor awoke other bells which morning and afternoon called men to labor; while stroke of twelve or chime of six, bade the trowel drop, and the hammer rest beside the anvil. Nightly as it struck TEN the sonorous horns of the outgoing watch heralded silence and sleep. Many pleasant associations grew up around the old clock, and when in 1871 it was burned, the public spirit of a private citizen, quietly renewed the tower and clock as symmetrical and graceful as before. The town thanks him no less because he has refused to allow his name to be made public.

In 1817 the first town debt was created by a small loan to the Corporation from one of the banks, and this debt had in 1819 swelled to \$74,710.20. On the 31st of May, 1875 it had grown to \$1,079,014.77. I have been requested to announce that the funding scheme, which has been on foot for some time was completed this afternoon and that hereafter the interest on the bonds of the city will be reduced to three per cent. [This called up Aldermen H. Strauss who in a neat address congratulated the community upon the funding, and was warmly applauded.]

The Great Fire of 1827 began at Green's cabinet factory on Royal street, a few yards south of King, on the morning of January 18th. There was a strong gale from the North West and the weather was intensely cold, the thermometer ranging from 10 to 20 degrees above zero. Cinders weighing half a pound were swept from the place of fire into the river and the flames burned through the town to the foot of Duke street destroying 53 houses and occasioning a loss of \$103,000. There was no hose in use then, no hydrants; but long lines of men stood ranged from the pumps passing along leather fire buckets that were emptied into engines that stood close to the fire and played upon the flames from elevations upon the engine called galleries. But, [addressing the fire companies present] volunteer firemen, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which your fathers labored for want of appliances such as you possess they were firemen whose devotion to duty you may well emulate. So long as the names of John A. Roach, J. Carson Green, Geo. Plain, David Appich, Robert J. Taylor, Wm. Evans and James Keene, who died at the fire of 1855, in the path of public duty, remain to be cherished, your promptitude and courage in that path of duty, transmitted, as time rolls on, to be repeated in your successors,



will be a monument for them more enduring than the marble at Ivy Hill that bears their names. It is your unique boast, Firemen of Alexandria, which cannot be gainsaid, that the foremost man in all the files of time, after having led in war, a continent to freedom and ruled in peace as first President of the United States, performed his last act of public duty, as a fireman, in Alexandria.

But I have digressed, and I return to my narrative. The Old Potomac Company, formed under the auspices of Gen. Washington in 1784, to improve the navigation of the river above tide water, by which it had been designed to lock boats around the falls and rapids and to pass them on to Alexandria by a channel on the Virginia side of Analostan Island and then by a canal made between Alexander's Island and the main shore crossing by what is now Roach's Spring and Fort Runyon, had been shown incapable of competing with the gigantic canal which was crossing New York; so in 1820 the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was designed, and in 1829, '30, the plan of the Alexandria Aqueduct crossing the Potomac on granite piers based on the rocky bed of the river and thus connecting the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal with Alexandria by a lateral canal, was begun. The ten or twelve years which were required to complete it were years of hope for Alexandria. Indeed the town had nothing left but hope. After the first decade of its entrance into the District, of Columbia, its population, which from 1790 to 1800 had grown from 2,746 to 4,971 or nearly doubled, had from 1820 to 1830, increased but 25 souls and from 1830 to 1840 only 196 souls. The town had in 1820, 8,218 inhabitants and in 1840 only 8,459. The hopes excited by the canal proved vain. It was completed, but Georgetown, nine miles nearer the sources of its commerce reaped the harvest. It was then Alexandria, isolated in one

corner of the District of Columbia, was about to decrease instead of increasing her population; an earnest appeal was made to the State of Virginia, and in 1846 the General Assembly opened the arms of the Commonwealth to her long estranged child; the Federal Government consented, and the voters of the town approved, and in September, 1846, with processions, bon-fires and illuminations, and a celebration extending over three days, Alexandria became a Virginia town. At once the heart and hand of Virginia were opened to our relief. The movements in relation to retrocession were much promoted by Francis L. Smith, Robert Brockett and Charles T. Stuart, the son of the first is our Mayor, vigilant and active, the son of the second, our capable Auditor, and the grandson of the third our late Judge. The state by purchasing at par valueless bonds of the Alexandria Canal held by the town, at once took off three fifths of the Corporation debt. Thenceforward, with a lavish hand, the resources of the Commonwealth were expended in the gigantic effort to make the town, which had gone prospering into the District, but had come back decaying and a beggar, a growing Virginia city. Thanks to state aid the Orange and Alexandria railroad with its extensions, the Manassas Gap Railroad, and the Alexandria, Loudoun & Hampshire Railroad were begun, and hundreds of miles constructed. An era of prosperity began. Over one hundred houses were built in a single year. Many exceedingly large and fine ones including the Pioneer Mills, the Cotton Factory and large warehouses along the river front were erected. In June, 1860 there were seventy seven manufacturing establishments in operation, employing 785 hands and producing from raw material valued at \$91,000 manufactured articles worth \$860,000. This was a good beginning.

During the same year there came to this port *direct* from foreign parts seventy vessels with a tonnage of 18,743 tons. We sent *direct* to foreign parts \$258,889 and imported goods worth \$273,924 at custom houses values. The actual value was over a million and a half dollars, guano for instance was rated at \$1 per ton when it was worth \$45 per ton. In the two years, 1856—1857, the town exported direct \$1,226,095. This with the coastwise trade in coal and other articles made the port busy. In the first decade of our return to Virginia the population of the town, a sure meter of its progress, increased from 8,795 to 11,206, being an increase of 2,411, or over twelve times the increase made in the last full decade spent in the District of Columbia. The future was full of promise. Our main reliance for commercial prosperity was upon the Valley of Virginia. Alexandria is the natural outlet of its trade. The waters which “the mountains milk from the clouds” to fill the springs that feed the Shenandoah, the Cacapons, the Opequan and the myriad highland affluents of the Potomac, all flow past our wharves. It was once a law of trade to follow the waters. But the artifice of man creates channels of communication, beside which natural channels become valueless, and the contest for the trade of the Valley became a contest of railway enterprise. To reach Harrisonburg or Staunton was thought to be all that was needed to put our commerce beyond the reach of chance. Holding the door, through which the World must reach an immense region that might be the granary of a continent, Alexandria would be assured of a business, which added to the coal trade, would draw capital, and enable us to assure prosperity to those who cast their lot with us. Holding food and fire for millions in its hands, Alexandria might well expect to renew its commercial importance. It was a just

hope. It was more than a hope. It was a wellfounded expectation. Baltimore, it is true, with one of her iron arms grasping the Northern edge of her state and holding fast to the Ohio, waited at Winchester the opportunity to push her road to Strasburg and intercept the Valley trade. Alexandria strong in the favor of the Commonwealth, which her trade would help to build up, was sure of protection until the Manassas road was complete to Harrisonburg and commercial connections formed, that would never be broken.

This was the outlook of the town in 1860. The iron-rails to make the connection with Harrisonburg complete, were piled on our wharves, where stood, on the 25th of May, 1861, the Virginia pickets, whose warning guns announced the movement in force of the troops of the United States, who occupied the town. Alexandria become, as it had been during the Revolutionary War, a hospital-town. Its churches and larger buildings were turned into

“Wards, with whitewashed walls,  
Where the dead and the dying lay.”

Agonies unspeakable here racked many a gallant spirit. Thousands came to depart no more, and on the green hillside that looks out upon the heights their forts once crowned, they sleep their last sleep.

Thenceforward commerce was ended. A blockade was declared, and the iron rails bought to finish the Manassas road, seized and sent off to make a military railroad near Bethel and Fortress Monroe. When the war ended, all chance of Alexandria's exclusive connexion with the Valley of Virginia was ended too. Baltimore helped to rebuild the road, and controlled it. The connection between Winchester and Strasburg was made, and managed for the interest of that great city whose enterprise, capital and favorable situation at



the close of the war, gave her a pre-eminence which, as it is vain to contest, we may rejoice, has fallen to a people so nearly allied to us in sympathies and sentiment.

When the war was over the census of 1870 found that our white population had decreased 659 and that the fortune of war had thrown over 3,000 colored people into our midst, waifs cast on our shore for guidance, help and instruction.\*

Well, we know our recent years; a peaceful, contented and happy community, with schools and churches and all the advantages of a city, and few of a city's vices. But late years have not been prosperous years. And what shall I say of the future? Who shall lift us from our low estate? I turn mine eyes to the mountains and I see two giants coming—Coal and Iron. When we look ahead through a long period of time we must enlarge our vision. These hills, Mt. Eagle, Shuter's Hill, Federal Hill, Arlington, Georgetown Heights and the Highlands aback of Washington, and the Maryland heights down to Oxen Hill lock us in with Georgetown, Washington and the neighboring communities. Desiring no further political connection with them than we now have, it is certain too, that with them our future is linked.

I look in vain if I do not see that the cultivation of literature and the fine arts are mounting the hills to the west and north of us. They will leave us to work in the valley below, at the water's edge. The Theological Seminary will invite companionship with Keble and Heber, with Ken and Taylor. The University of Georgetown will have men like Xavier and Montelembert, like De Vico and Carroll. Columbian University will send out pupils as self sacrificing as Henry Martyn and encourage scholars ripe as Welling. Howard

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\*The enumeration of the census of 1880, just completed, shows the population of Alexandria to be 13,616.

University, an institution without a past, may give to mathematics another Baneker and a novelist that excels Dumas. The new Corcoran school of design will train future artists and an academy of music, yet unbuilt, make American music; but we shall be afar off in the valley below, at the water's edge. Literature will not be for us, but we will not want it, for I see two giants coming—coal and iron. We shall make new schools. Our academies shall be schools of applied science,—workshops that will keep the arm strong and feed the busy brain with thoughts that will leap out into inventions like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. This is our hope, and when another century shall have passed, and my bones and yours are bleaching in yonder grave yard, the orator of Alexandria's next Centennial in 1980 shall tell that when the good ship Alexandria, that with all sails set, started in 1780, was, in 1880 ashore, rudderless, bilged, and plucked by wreckers,—all hope of commerce gone, her crew did not despair, but went ashore and set the land aflame with their furnace fires, plucked prosperity with strong arms from the mountains' stony depths, and renewed the town. And he will say: Take the ship from the town seal—let it be her emblem no more—Ocean Commerce is gone, but place there a figure of the bloomery that was first lit at the water's edge in 1880—one hundred years ago, and with it the motto that shall tell that Alexandria has,

"Plucked from the mountain's crevice, as a flow' ret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil."

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And after music by the Alexandria Musical Association the assembly separated.

## THE BANQUET.

The public meeting over, there assembled in the parlors of Mr. George Steuernagel's Exchange, where a banquet took place, a large number of guests. The rooms were decorated with flags, and the tables spread by Mr. Steuernagle could not be excelled. E. E. Downham, esq., presided and Major George Duffey acted as toast master. Toasts were drank and responded to by Henry Strauss, Charles E. Stuart, Thomas V. Risheill, S. Chapman Neale, R. L. Carne, and others. The company then dispersed and retired to dream of the next Centennial.

## REPORT OF CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

### *To the City Council:*

The Committee appointed on the 24th February last to make arrangements for a public meeting for celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the formation of the Municipal Government of this City, to occur on the 9th of March, 1880, and inviting William F. Carne, esq., to deliver an address illustrating the history of Alexandria, respectfully report that they duly notified Mr. Carne of the passage of the resolution, and requested his acceptance of the invitation. They, also, invited Henry B. Whittington, esq., to deliver a poem suitable to the occasion.

The arrangements for the celebration embraced a parade by the Military, the Fire Department, and other organizations, and although hurriedly gotten up was one of the most gratifying exhibitions of the kind ever seen in this city, *noted as it is* for the patriotism, and love of home of the people.

Trusting that old "Father Time," and the Doctors may spare us, and each member of the City Council, to see *the next Centennial*, we respectfully recommend the adoption of the following joint resolutions:

1st. That William F. Carne esq., and Henry B. Whittington, esq., be requested to furnish the City Council with a copy of the Address, and Poem delivered by them respectively, with a view to their publication by the Auditor in the next Municipal report.



2nd. That the thanks of the City Council are due and are hereby tendered to the Military, the Fire Department, the Alexandria Musical Association, the Alexandria Cornet Band and other organizations for their attendance, and splendid display, which added so much to the success of the Centennial Celebration of the 9th instant.

THOS. V. RISHEILL,	}	Joint Committee on the Centennial.
HENRY STRAUSS,		
JOHN P. RICE,		
M. McLEAN,		

Report adopted by Board of Aldermen, March 23, 1880.

J. J. JAMIESON, Clerk.

Action of the Board of Aldermen concurred in by the Common Council, March 23, 1880.

JAMES R. CATON, Clerk.



# Notes to the Centennial Poem.

[SEE PAGE 22.]

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## “MURRAY’S FIFE OR PETER LOGAN’S DRUM.”

Murray and Logan were colored men, drummer and fifer,—the only martial music the town could boast—Murray was a mulatto, stout and short, while Logan was black and tall and when together, presented a very striking contrast. Those who remember Alexandria fifty years ago, or more, will readily call to mind how these two would on all “general muster days,” and especially on the 22d of February and the fourth of July,—march at daybreak through all the Streets of the town with drum and fife, summoning the soldiers to prepare for parade to the great delight of the little ones who invariably had holiday on such occasions.

Later in life Peter stole a pig from a countryman in the market. He was arrested by Constable Bowie, taken before Justice Adam Faw, (the terror of evil doers, boys particularly,) and sent to Jail. Shortly after his arrest Peter died.

## “JOSEPH WILLIAMS,” ALIAS GOAT.

Joseph Williams otherwise known as “Joe Goat,” had served in the war of the revolution, and on all parade days appeared in cocked hat and full regimentals, heading the procession, accompanied by his aid, “Gallant Tim,” also a revolutionary soldier, both colored. When Lafayette revisited Alexandria in 1824 he recognized Joe as his former drum major, of which Joe was very proud. The Washington Society, always celebrated Washington’s Birthday at the City Hotel (Royal Street) closing with a Ball at night, Joe Goat marched behind the Society, on these occasions and on their entering the Hotel his services ended. On the 4th of July, 1830, there was a public dinner at Bromilaw, which overlooked Hunting Creek, south of the Catholic Cemetery. The “Blues” Capt. Washington C. Page, officers of militia and citizens participated in the festivities which grew in merriment until Joe Goat was elected by acclamation temporary captain, and mounted upon the horse of one of the Marshals. The Company and guests then in great glee marched into town with Joe Goat, like the Lord of Misrule in the Old English Christmas festivities, at their head, and excited shouts of laughter wherever the grotesque procession appeared in the streets of the town. Among those who marched that day under Joe Goat were our well known and staid citizens Reuben Johnston, W. W. Harper, Robert Bell and Cassius F. Lee. The boys were often heralds of Joe’s appearance and hailed him with

“Old Joe Goat stole a shoat,  
Carried it down to the Ferry boat,  
And sold it for a dollar note.”

Joe died shortly after 1830, on Prince Street, nearly opposite the Old Farmers Bank of Virginia formerly the Bank of the Potomac.

## “NICK RANSALL.”

A simple fellow who dressed in the most fantastic style, invariably brought up the rear of all military processions. He was perfectly harmless and being a great favorite, was frequently allowed to accompany serenading parties, and upon one occasion—it being the 4th of July—he was given a glass of punch (of which he was very fond) his toast was “May the 4th July come every day.”











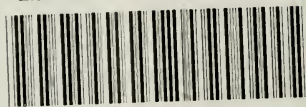








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